

Of Form and the Formless

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“And as they were eating, Jesus took bread . . .”

—Matthew 26:26a (KJV)

When the celebrant raises the host,
I see the nucleus of every atom.
I see the sun, primordial earth,
a pregnant womb.

I see an egg, an acorn, an embryo,
the iris of every eye,
a whole note of every anthem,
the wide-open mouth of a child.

Life sings and cries its incessant,
insatiable desire for delight.
Foxfire blooms from rotting wood
as the galaxy spirals in the shape of zero.

All that is made offers itself to unmaking.
I make a living paten of my hands
and receive my own little wafer,
a holy morsel tasting of nothing,

a wisp as dry as dust and ashes,
a hole punched through impermanence,
a portal of presence. It could be
anyone, everyone, everything.